To Tirzah

Whatever is Born of Mortal Birth.
Must be consumed with the Earth
To rise from Generation free:
Then what have I to do with thee.

The Sexes Sprung from Shame & Pride
Blowd in the morn; in evening died
But Mercy chang'd Death into Sleep;
The Sexes rose to work & weep.

Thou Mother of my Mortal part.
With cruelty didst mould my Heart.
And with false self-deceiving tears.
Didst bind my Nostrils Eyes & Ears.

Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay
And me to Mortal Life betray:
The Death of Jesus set me free.
Then what have I to do with thee?